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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Cobler's Prophecy,

BY

ROBERT WILSON.

1594

Date of the only known edition, 1594

(Dyce Collection, South Kensington.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1911.

119705-
24/11/11

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 141]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

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Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

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This facsimile reprint is from the perfect Dyce copy at S. Kensington: the B.M. example lacks signature E.

Other plays attributed, more or less certainly to Wilson, are "The Pedler's Prophecy," "The Three Ladies of London," and "The Three Lords and the Three Ladies of London."

Sir Sidney Lee, in his notice of Wilson in the "D.N.B." (q.v.), seems to take it for granted that he was the author of "The Three Ladies of London," and (of course) also of the "Three Lords and Three Ladies of London," the second being practically a continuation of the first. That Wilson had a reputation as a writer of plays is manifest from the reference by Thomas Lodge, in his "Defence of Poetry, Music, and Stage Plays," against the attacks of Stephen Gosson, whose "School of Abuse" was the occasion of Philip Sidney's noble "Apologie for Poetry." Lodge, in his defence, declares that he preferred Wilson's "short and sweet" drama on "Catiline" to Gosson's play on the same subject. Wilson's play on "Catiline" is no longer extant, though (as Sir Sidney Lee mentions) Philip Henslowe, on the 21st August, 1598, advanced 10/- to Robert Wilson on the security of his play of "Catiline," which he was writing in conjunction with Henry Chettle. Wilson's "Catiline" is lost; still, Henslowe's testimony to its existence is valuable.

As regards the other attributed plays, the "Cobler's Prophesie" bears Wilson's name on the title page, and there can be no doubt that the writer of the "Cobler's Prophesie" was also the writer of the "Pedler's Prophesie."

There is little, if anything, to record of note concerning the mechanical reproduction of this facsimile. The printing is, generally speaking, of the same uniform excellent standard which long experience has assured to this series: an experience (in October, 1911) extending over seventy-six volumes!

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Written by Robert Wilson. Gent.



Printed at London by Iohn Danter for Cuthbert
Burbie: and are to be sold at his shop nere
the Royall-Exchange.

1594.



THE COBLERS Prophesie.

Enter Iupiter and Iuno, Mars and Venus, Apollo, after him, Bacchus, Vulcan limping, and after all Diana wringing her hands: they passe by, while on the stage Mercurie from one end Ceres from another meete.

C E R E S.

Fresh Mayas sonne, fine wicrafts greatest God,
Herrald of heauen, soule charming Mercurie:
Tell, for thou wilst, why these celestiaall powers
Are thus assembled in Boeotia.

Mercurie: Plenties rich Queene, cheerer of fainting souls,
V Whole Altars are adorne with ripend sheaves.
Know **M**ercurie chiefe nurse of sinne,
Hath bred contempt in all Boeotia.
The old are scorned of the wanton yong,
Vnhallowed hands, and harts impurer farre,
Rend downe the Altars sacred to the Gods,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Heauen is long ſuffring, and eternall Powers
Are full of pitie to peruerſeſt men:
which made the awful Ruler of the reſt,
Summon this meeting of the heauenly States:
The firſt was Iupiter, Iuno with him,
Next Mars and Venus, him I know you knew not,
His Harneſſe is conuerted to ſoft filke,
His warres are onely wantonings with her,
That ſcandalizeth heauen and heapes worlds hate,
Apollo next, then Bacchus belly-God,
And horned Vulcan forger of heauens fire,
The laſt poore Cynthia making woeful mone,
That ſhe is left ſweet virgin poſt alone.
I am but meſſenger, and muſt not denounce
Til the high ſenate of the Gods decreet it,
But ſacred Ceres, if I may diuine,
In heauen ſhall Venus vaunt but little time.

Ceres: So pleaſe it mighty Ioue the doome were iuſt,
Amongſt that holy traine what needs there luſt.

Mercurie: I ſee a ſort of wondring gazing eyes,
That doo await the end of this conceit,
whom Mercurie with wauing of his rod,
And holy ſpels inioines to ſit and ſee,
th'effectuall working of a Propheſie.

Ceres: And Ceres ſheds her ſweeteſt ſweetes in plentie,

Caſt Comfets.

That while ye ſtay their pleaſure may content ye.
Now doo I leaue thee Mercury, and will in to take my place,
Doo what thou canſt in wanton luſts diſgrace,

Mercurie: Ceres I will, and now I am alone
Will I aduiſe me of a meſſenger
That will not faint: will not ſaid I?
Nay ſhall not faint ſent forth by Mercurie.
I am reſolud, the next I meete with be it he or ſhe,
To doo this meſſage ſhall be ſent by me.

Enter Raph Cobler with his ſtoole, his implements and ſhoes,
and

The Coblers Prophecie.

and sitting on his stoole, falls to sing,

Hey downe downe a downe a downe,

hey downe downe a downe a

Our beauty is the brauest Lasse in all the towne a:

For beauties sweete sake, I sleepe when I should wake,

shee is so nut browne a.

Her cheekes so red as a cherrie, do make my hart full merry,

So that I cannot choose in cobling of my shooes,

but sing hey derrie derrie downe derrie.

Zelota his wife within. (your fashion.

Zelota: Go too Raph youle still be singing loue songs its

Raph: Content your selfe wife, tis my own recantation,
No loue song neither, but a carrol in beauties condemnatio

Ze: well year best leaue singing and fall to work by & by
while I to buy meat for our dinner to market doo hic, (way.

R: And you were best leaue your scolding to, & get you a-
a: And I come to you Raph, He course ye as I did a saterday

R: Course me snowns, I would thou durst come out of dore,
And thou dost He knock thee on the head thou arrant thou,
was not this lustily spoken? I warrant she dare not come out

Enter Zelota.

Ze: He see what yeele doo, where are yee Goodman Lout?

He creeps vnder the stoole.

Ra: O no bodie tell her that I am vnder the stoole.

Ze: wheres this prating Assc, this dizzardly foole,

Mer: why here I am Dame, lets see what thou canst say,
Bestirre your Distaffe, doo the worst ye may.

Ze: Alas that euer I was borne to see this sight,
My Raph is transformed to a wicked spright.

Ra: Shee lies yfaith, I am here vnder the stoole.

Mer: Let me alone Raph, hold thy peace thou foole.
I am a sprite indeede, a fiend which will pursue thee still,
Vntill I take a full reuenge of all thy proffered ill.
And for thy former dealings to thy husband hath bin bad,
I charme thee and inchaunt thee queane,
Thou henceforth shalt be mad:

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And neuer shall thy foolish braine cut off this franticke fit,
Till with thy hand vniwillinglie thou murder doe commit.

He charmes her with his rod.

Raph: Nay she is mad enough a readie,
For she will doe nothing with me but fight,
And we make her more mad, shee kill me out right.

Zel: Make me mad Raph, no faith Raph,
Though thou be a diuell and a spright,
Nere toll the bell, Ile not be gossippe,
The childe shall not be christned to night.
Go to the back-house for the boy,
Bid the tankerd bring the conduit home.
Ile buy no plumme porredge,
Ile not be made such a mome.
And because thou hast a fine rod Raph,
Ile looke in thy purse by and by:
And if thou haue any money in it,
wele drinke the Diuell dry, Diuell dry, &c.

*Here she runnes about the stage snatching at euery thing
shee sees.*

Raph: Out of doubt she is mad indeed,
See what a coyle she doth keepe,

Mer. Raph she shall trouble none of vs, Ile charme her
fast a sleepe.

Zel: Come Raph, lets goe sleepe, for thou must mend
Queene Guiniuers shooes to morrow.

I haue a pillowe of my owne, Ile neither begge nor borrow.

Exit.

Mer. So sleepe thy fil, now Raph come forth to mee.

Raph: Come forth quoth he marrie God bleisse vs.

Now you haue made my wife mad what shall become of me?

Mar: Feare not come forth, I meane no hurt to thee.

Raph: VVell Ile trust you for once, what say yee. (bed

Mer: Raph hie thee home, & thou shalt finde vpon thy
Attire that for a prophets sute shal stand thee in good stead
A prophet thou must be and leaue thy worke a while.

Raph.

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph A Prophetspeaker? Ha, ha, ha, heres a coyle.
What are you, I pray?

Mer I am Mercurie the Messenger of the Gods.

Raph And I am Raph Cobar, twixt vs there is some Gods.
But heare ye God Markedy, haue you retoric
To take a free man of his companie,

And hinder him to be your Prophet speaker,
And when ye set him a worke giue him nothing for his labor.

Mer I must charme him asleepe, or he will still be prating.
He please thee well, I pre thee Raph sit downe.

Raph Now I am set, would I had a pot of ale.

Mer We will haue twaine, but first attend my tale.

He charmes him with his rod asleepe.

Not far hence standeth Mars his Court,
to whom thus see thou say,

*Mars though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that worst to crowe by day,*

*And with thy sharpened spurs
the craven Cockes dost kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fetters gay:*

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall flie thee betray,*

*And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away.*

*And she by him shall hatch a Chicke,
this Countrey to decay.*

*And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt the better learne:*

*When thou shalt onelie letters fine
within one name discerne,*

*Three vowels and two consonants,
vvhich vowels if thou scan,*

*Dost sound that vvhich to enerie pace
condueth euerie man.*

B

Then

The Coblers Prophecie,
Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thats the bastards name :
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.

Now Raph awake, for I haue done
the taske for which I came.

Exit.

Raph stretches himselfe, and wakes.

Raph Heigh ho, wake quoth you, I thinke tis time,
for I haue slept soundly :
And me thought in my sleep this was God Markedy,
that had chaunted my wife mad for good cause why.
About me thought I saw God Shebiter,
that marlously did frowne,
VVith a dart of fier in his hand
readie to throw it downe.
Below me thought there were false knaues
walking like honest men verie craftely :
And few or none could be plainly seene
to thriue in the world by honestie.
Me thought I saw one that was wondrous fat,
Picke two mens purses while they were struiuing for a gnat.
And some that dwelt in streetes were large and faire,
Kept backe shops to vetter their baddest ware.
VVhat meddle I with trades? Men masters and maids,
Yea and wiues too and all are too too bad,
Be iudgd by my wife, that was neuer well till she ran mad.
But O the Baker, how he plaid false with the ballance,
And ran away from the takers tallants.
The Bruer was as bad, the Butcher as ill,
For its their trick to blow vp leane meate with a quill,
And with the stroke a Butcher gaue an oxe
that lowd bellowing did make,
I lost sight of all the other trickes,
and so sodainly did wake.
But now must Raph trudge about his prophe tation,
Faith ye shall heare me troll it out after my fashion,

Exit.

Enter

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Enter Sateros a souldier, and Contempt naming
himselfe Content.*

Sat : Thus haue I serued in my Princes warres,
Against the Persian and the Asian Powers :
The cole-blatke Moore that reuels in the Straights
Haue I repelled with my losse of blood,
My scarres are witnes of my hard escapes :
My wrinkles in my face (made old by care,
VWhen yet my yeres are in their chiefeft prime)
Are glasses of my griefe, lights of my languor,
That liue disgracde, and haue deserued honor.

Cont : I am the admiredst in Boxotia,
By honoring me thou shalt obtaine preferment.

Sat : Vnto the Gods and Prince doo souldiers honor,
And wert thou one of these, I would adore thee.

Cont : I am of power more than all the Gods
To sit and rule the harts of all degrees,
They haue in me content, as thou shalt see
A present instance in these entring men.

*Enter Emnius a Courtier, with him a Schooller, and
a Countrey Gentleman.*

Contr : Haile to Contents diuineft exelence.

Schol : Content our sweetest good, we doo salute thee.

Contr : Though last I am not least in duteous kindnes
To thee Content although thou be no God,
Yet greater in account than all of them.

Schol : But if ye knew his name wer *Olygoros*, which signifieth
Contempt, you would not mistake him, and name him Content.

Cont : O Mas scholler be patient, for though you like not my
name, you loue my nature : and therefore Gentlemen forward
with the discourse intended at our last meeting : and in that con-
ference this Gentleman a souldier, I presume will make one.

Contr : Being a soldier, his companie is fit for anie honest gen-
tleman, and therefore welcome into our companie.

Sat : I thanke you sir,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: Though the Courtier speake him faire, in hart I knowe he disdaines him for his base apparell: wherein he obserues one principle of my law. Welcome him Scholler.

Schol: To me a Souldier is a welcome man.

Soul: I kindly thanke you sir.

Enter Raph.

Raph Sir: what sir, or what stir haue we here? VVhy ye proud Pagans and Painein nostrums, thinke ye no better of a Prophet than ye would of a Pedlar: and make ye no more account of me than ye doo of a Cobler.

Cont: As thou art.

Raph As I am? No ye little goosetap God, knowe that God Markedie made me a Prophet, and sent me of a mellage to the blundring God of the thundring warre; to Mars, to Maua aua aua ars; twill comenere your nose little God I can tell ye.

Cont: Well hold thy peace of that, and let vs hear these Gentlemen dispute.

Raph VVill they spout? whereon?

Cont: He of the Court, the other of the Countrey, this of Bookes, that of Battels.

Raph And I of Prophecie.

Cont: No, thou and I will sit still, and giue our iudgements of this controuerfie.

Raph VVell content, but Ile speake my minde when I list, thats flat.

Cont: Sit downe then, Gentlemen when you please begin.

Emn: First I am a Courtier, daily in my Princes eye: which one good of it selfe alone is able to make my Estate aboue all other happy. By it I get wealth, fauor, credit, countenance: on me attend suters, praying, paying, and promising more, than either sometimes they are able to performe, or I at most times expect.

Raph Thats true, for I was a suter three yere vnto ye for mending your pantables, and I was promist more than I could euer get, or did euer looke for.

Emn: At the entertainment of strangers, who but the Courtier is in braue account? or to the heauenly fellowship of diuine-
est

The Coblers Prophecie

est beautie, and sweete confort of louely Ladies, who but the Courtier is called: while the Scholler sits all day inuenting syllogismes, the Countrey Gentleman plodding among poore hinds, and this bare souldier here carrowing among his prating companions.

Soul: Why a souldier of desert (as with no other doo I comfort) can be no lesse than a Gentleman, and some Courtiers are scarce so much. Desert I denie not is oft preferred, but oftner flatterie. Because I am homely clad, you hold me dishonorable: but in this plaine sute haue I been, where you dare not with all your silkes.

Emm: V Why I haue been where thou darst not come.

Soul: I thats in the Mercers booke, where I will not come.

Raph: A word with ye Mas souldier.

Soul: Now sir.

Raph: Tis cause the Mercer will not trust ye: for he knowes his booke is as good as a sconce for yes, youle neuer out till you be torne or fired out.

Soul: Howere despised, yet am I a Gentleman, and in the conflict of Arbaces Generall of Persia at Marathon, I rescued the colours of Eecotia. I haue had honny words and soine reward, too little to bestow among my maimed souldiers. Souldiers observe lawes, therein appeares their wilbet, at least equallog the scholler: bring Princes to thraldom, than triumphing ouer courtiers: are liberall to giue, wherein for the most they excell the Countrey Gentleman. In brieft, they are the swords of heauen to punish: the salue of heauen to pitie. Of whose number being not the meanest, I thinke my selfe nothing inferiour to anye of these Gentlemen.

Raph: But thou hast made manie a Cocke a cuckold by stealing away his Hen.

Countre: Nay my life excelleth all, I in the Countrey lue a King, my Tenaunts (as vassailles) are at my will commaunded: fearfuller I know they are to displease mee, than diuers of you Courtiers to offend the Duke. Come! there anie asks to be leuied, I touch not mine owne store, for on them I take it: and I

The Coblers Propheſie.

may ſay to you with ſome ſurpluſage : my wood they bring
me home, my hay and corne in harueſt : their cattell, ſeruants,
ſonnes, and ſelues, are at my commaund.

Schol : *O iure, quaque iniuria.*

Raph Nay and you ſpeake Latin, reach me my laſte.

Harkeye mas Scholler, harkeye.

The time ſhall come not long before the doome,
That in deſpite of Roome,
Latin ſhall lacke,

And Greeke ſhall beg with a wallet at his backe.

For all are not ſober that goes in blacke.

Goe too ſcholler, theres a learning for your knacke.

Centr : At my liſt can I rack their rents, ſet them to fines, bind
them to forfeits, force them to what I pleaſe. If I build, they bee
my labourers : if bargaine, on them I build : and for my good
looke they are content to endure any trauell.

Raph But for all this ill and wrong,

Marke the Coblers ſong.

The hie hill and the deepe ditch,

VVhich yedigd to make your ſelues rich,

The chimnies ſo manie, and almes not anie,

The widowes woſull cries,

And babes in ſtreete that lies,

The bitter ſweate and paine

That tenants poore ſuſtaine,

Will turne to your bane I tell ye plaine.

When burning fire ſhall raine,

And fill with botch and blaine

The ſinew and each vaine.

Then theſe poore that crye,

Being liſted vp on hie,

VVhen you are all forlorne,

Shall laugh you lowd to ſcorne.

Then where will be the ſchollers allegories,

VVhere the Lawier with his dilatories,

VVhere the Courtier with his brauerie,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And the money monging mate with all his knauerie,
Bethinke me can I no where els,
But in hell where Diues dwels,
But I see ye care not yet,
And thinke these words for me vnfit,
And gesse I speake for lacke of wit:
Stand aside, stand aside, for I am disposed to spit;

Cont: Be quiet Cbler, lets heare the Scholler speake;

Raph I giue him rectoritie: to it,

Schol: V What the Courtier dreamingly posselles, the Countrey Gentleman with cursses, and the Souldiour with cares: I quietly enioy without controll. In my studie I contemplate what can be done in batels, & with my pen hurt more than thousands doo with pikes, I strike him that sees me not.

Raph I thought you were a proper man of your hands to come behinde one.

Schol: I see the height of heauen.

Raph But thou makest no hast thither.

Schol: I view the depth of hell.

Raph Is there anie roome in hell for curst wiues and Coblers shops.

Scholler: Content is my Landlorde, peace and quiet are my companions, I am not with the Courtier bound to daunce attendance; nor with the Countriman binde I others to attende on mee. I possesse pleasure more than mortall, and my contemplation is onely of the life immortall.

Courtier: But you would bee glad to creepe in credit in the Court Scholler, and not be curious of the meanes, for all your coynesse.

Schol: I will not acquaint you fir with my intent, for they are fooles that in secret affaires are too familiar, know this, that I intend to awaite occasion.

Soldier: Faith Master Scholler yet it stands not with your protestation.

Countrie Gentleman: Nor with you Soldier to be thus blunt after your rude fashion.

Soldiers

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soni: Alas sir, you must needes be excellent for Piers & Plaine your poore tenants pray for ye: their bread and cheefe is seldom denied to anie, when your small beere is scarce common to manie. You know what wil be made of a fat ox as well as the Graffier, of the tailowe as well as the Butcher, of a tod of wooll as well as the Stapler,

Countr: VVhat hath any man to doe what I doe with mine owne?

S: Talls thine owne that comes in thy hands.

Countr: Sir you would make enough of it in yours to.

Soul: I master Courtier, thats to deale as you doe.

Schol: This souldier is as rough as if he were in the field,

Soul: VVhere you would be as tame.

Cont: Has a proud hart though a beggers habit.

Soul: VVhere I frequent this habit serues my turne: and as goodly a sight were it to see you there in your filkes, as the schollers skirmishing in his long gown, or the countrey Gentleman riding on a fat Ox with a mole spade on his necke.

Raph VVhat, riding running, brauing, bralling,

I see ye passe not for a Prophets calling:

Therefore I will not bee so mad,

To cast Pearles to swine so bad.

Cont: Prethee Raph stay a little.

Raph: Little little seeing God, I shall see you in a spittle. *Ex.*

Con: Your disputation being done Gentlemen, which hath highly contented mee? what will ye now doo?

Emm: Marry we will all to the eightene pence Ordinary, how say ye Gentlemen?

Countr: No sir, not I, tis too deere by my faith.

Schol: VVhy you shall be my guest for this once. How saye you master souldier?

Soul: No sir I must turne one of your meales into three. And euerie one a sufficient banquet for me.

Cour: Faith and you had kept your newes vntill now, yce should haue bin my guest, for your talke would haue serud well for the table.

Soul:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: That's a practise of thine owne arte: it makes thy company borne withall, where otherwise thou wert no fit guest, for tales at some tables are as good as testerns.

Conr: Nay then I perceiue yee grow choilericke, come sirs,

They proffer to goe in.

Cont. VVhy Gentlemen, no farewell to your little God.

All three: Suffice it without vaine Ceremonies we shew our selues dutifull.

Conr: Is enough, fare yee well.

Exeunt Courtier, Scholler, Countrie.

Contempt: Now souldier, what wilt thou doe?

Sould: Faith sirs as I may.

Cont: VVilt thou serue me, and doe as I will thee, and thou shalt not want.

Sould: No: for if thy name be Contempt as the Scholler said, I abhorre and desie thee.

Conr: I uen as the child doth wormeseed hid in Raisons, which of it selfe he can not brooke: so thou canst not abide my name, but louest my nature: for pmoote, wanting liuing rayst on the City, greest at the country, yea grudgeest at the King himselfe: thou saist thou art going to thy Patron Mars with a supplication for bettring thy estate, and how, by war: wher how many rapes, wrongs and murders are committed, thy selfe be iudge, all which thou esteemest not off, to thy owne want be supplied.

Sould: Contempt herein thou reasonest like thy selfe,
Base minded men / know there are in field,
That doe delight in murder, rape and blood,
As there are tares in corne and weeds with flowers,
And eniuous snakes among the fleeing fish:
But for the noble souldier, he is iust
To punnish wrongs, protect the innocent,
VVeaken the tyrant, and consume the right,
VVant cannot make him basely mutinous,
VVealth cannot make him proudly intolent,
In honourable thoughts dwell his content,
And he is foe to all that loue contempt.

C

Cont:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Cortrupt: Then Sateros thou art no mate for mee. *Exit.*

Souluer: No, Vpstart scorners are fit slaues for thee. *Exit.*

Enter Clio, Melpomine, and Thalia: Clio with a penknife,
Melpomine being idle, Thalia writing.

Thalia: Clio a pen.

Clio: Both pen and quill I misse.

Thalia: One Elstridge penne yet in my penner is,
Quickly take that and make a pen for me.

Melpomine: The feathers of a gluttonous bird shew what the
wearers be.

Thalia: Melpomine lend me a pen.

Melpom: Mine pierce too hard for your writing.

Enter Raph Cöbler.

Thalia: Quickly a pen, ha, ha, fond foolish men.

Raph: Foole? no foole neither though none of the wisest Dame,
But a Prophet one of Merlins kinde I am.

Mel: Art thou a Prophet, whats thy name?

Raph: Raph Cob.

Clio: ler, speake out.

Raph: Ye ha it y faith.

that: A pen a pen in hast,

That I may write this Pageant ere it be past.

Raph: Comes there a Pageant by, Ile stand out of the greene
mens way for burning my vestment.

that: A pen good Clio, fie how ye make me stay.

Clio: Make shift a while you shall haue this straight way.

Raph: If I had a pen as I haue none,

For I vse no such toole,

Thou shoul'dst haue none an it,

For at my first comming thou caldst me foole.

tha: A pen a pen, it will be gone incontinent.

Clio: Hold theres thy pen.

Raph:

The Coblers Prophecie.

Raph: But are you the Gods of the Scriueners, that you
make pens so fast trow we.

Enter souldier.

Clio: O sisters shift we are betraid,
Another man I see.

Souldier: A filly man at your commaund,
Be not afraid of me.

Raph: No, no, tis the souldier, heele doo yee no hurt Iwar-
rant yee.

Melpom: To see a man come in this place,
It is so strange to vs,

As we are to be held excusde,
That are amazed thus.

But art thou a souldier?

Sould: Yea Lady.

Mel: the better welcome vnto me.

Rha: Not so to me.

Raph: And what am I?

Rha: Be whist awhile, He tell thee by and by.

Raph: thats some mends yet for calling of me foole.

Sould: thanks Ladies for your curtesies, but the sight of three
such Goddeses on the sodaine, hath driuen mee into certaine
muses.

Eccho: certaine muses.

Soul: Especially being alone so solitarie in this wood.

Eccho: In this wood.

Raph: Harke souldier some body mocks thee.

Eccho: Mocks thee.

Raph: Mocks me much.

Eccho: Much.

Soul: Hold thy peace good Raph.

Eccho: Good Raph.

Raph: Raph, thats my name indeede,
But how shall I call thee?

Eccho: I call thee.

Raph: Dost thou: Mas and Ile come to thee, and

The Coblers Prophecie.

I knew where thou art,

Eccho: Thou art.

Raph: Art; faith and thou be as pretty a wench as any of these three, my mad wife shall neuer know that I play a mad part.

Eccho: Part.

Raph: Part: He come.

Eccho: Come.

Raph: Faith and I will, haue at thee.

Exit.

Mel: Thus are we well rid of one that would haue troubled our talke; and this artificiall eccho, hath told thee what we are: certaine muses dwelling in this wood, in number twice so many more as we be here.

Sould: Your names good Ladies?

Melp: Mine Melpomine, hirs Clio, this that writes Thalia.

Sould: Might I without offence intreate three things,

I should be greatly bound.

Melp: VVe will not denie thee three things, that can participate to thee thousands.

Sould: First wou'd I request of this Ladie, whether she write with this Estridge quill of purpose, or for want of other.

Tha: Somewhat for want, but especially of purpose: the men which now doe misser me matter to write, are nere of the nature of the Estridge: who hauing the bodie of a bird, hath the head of a beast: she is greedy, deuouring and digesting al things, and buid's hir nest in sand: so are my worldlings, bodied and feathered as birds to flie to heauen, but headed as beasts to imagine beastly thinges on earth: downe to the which their Cammels necks doe draw their verie notes: greedy are they deuouring the Orphanes right, and digesting the widdowes wrongs, Foolish, forgetful and froward, building their nest on sand, which the winde of heauens wrath or water of worldly affliction doth scatter and wash away. Thus art thou answered for the first, demaund the rest.

So: Next Ladies why doo you twaine stand idle, and let Thalia take the paine.

Mel: On geeres and gists the world is onely set,

For

The Coblers Propheſſe.

For me there is no worke no tragicke ſcene,
Battai'es are done, the people liue in reſt,
They ſhed no teares but are ſecure paſt meane,

Sould: V Why lend you not Thalia then ſome pen?

Mel: My pens are too too ſharpe to fit hir ſtile,

I ſhall haue time to uſe them in a while.

Sould: But gentle Clio, me thinks your inke is dry.

Cleo: It may be well, I haue done writing I,

Sould: V What did you regiſter when you did write?

Cleo: The works of famous Kings, and ſacred Priests,

The honourable A cts of leaders braue,

The deeds of C odri, and Horatij.

The loue Licurgus bore to Spartans ſtate,

The lues of auncient Sages and their ſawes,

Their memorable works, their worthy lawes.

Now there is no ſuch thing for to indite

But toyes, that fits thalia for to write,

Sould: A heauie tale good Lady you vnfold,

Are there no worthie things to write as were of old,

Cleo: Yes diuers Princes make good lawes,

But moſt men ouer ſlip them.

And diuers dying giue good gifts,

But their executors mup them,

Mel: Triſiphone is ſtepping to the ſtage, and ſhe hath ſworne
to whip them.

Son: The third and laſt thing I require is if you can:
ſhew me the mightie Maſ iſ court.

Mel: V Valke hence a ſlight ſhoot vp the hill,
And thou ſhalt ſee his caſtle wall.

Soul: Ladies the gifts that I can giue,
Is humbly thrice to thanke you all,

Exit.

Mel: Farewell pore ſouldier.

Cleo: Thalia now wee are alone, tel vs what pageant twas you
cald for pens euen now ſo haſtely, to end?

Tha: Twas thus: *You know the Gods long ſince ſent downe,
Pleaſure from heaues to comfort men on earth,*

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pleasure abuzde in country Court and towne,
By speeches, gestures, and dishonest mirth,
Made humble sute that he to heauen might passe
Againe, from world where he so wronged was.
His sute obtaind, and ready he to clime,
Sorrow comes sneaking and performes his deede,
Snatches his Roabe, and euer since that time,
Tis paine that masks disguise in pleasures weede,
The Pageant's thus, with cost and cunning rrim,
That worldlings welcome Paine in steede of him.
Loath was I that vnpend one iete of this should goe,
Because I smile to see for weale, how sweetly men swill'woe.

Melpo: Woe is the first word I must write, beginning where
you end.

I haue incke inough and pens good store.

Clio: Perhaps the world will mend.

Mel: I would it would.

Clio: VVhy if it should you faile in your account.

Thalia: Then you perhaps will haue some worke.

Clio: Tush come lets mount the Mount.

Exeunt.

Enter Raph Cobler whooping.

Ra: -VVaha how, wa how, holla how whoop: Did no body
see the mocking sprite, I am sure I haue followed her vp and
downe all this day crying and calling while my throat is hoarse
again. Ile coniure her too but tis in vaine, for knowledge hath
knockt that in the braine, but be it diuel or be it spright, Ile call
again to haue a sight. Ya ha how: Nay Ile call againe.

Enter Charon.

Charon: Againe, I and againe too, ¶ throw,
VVhat night and day no rest but row?
Come if thou wilt goe ouer Styx,
For if thou stay a while I thinke,
There will come so many my boate will sinke,

Ra: Ouer stix I and ouer stones,
Heres a question for the nonce,
VVhy what art thou I pray thee tell?

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

C: V Vhy Charon Ferriman of hell.

Ra: V Vhy what a diuel doo I with thee?

There or foure within: A boate, a boate, a boate.

C: Ha ke what a coile they keepe, come if thou wilt to hell with mee.

A small voice: A boate, a boate, a boate.

Ra: This should bee the voice of a woman, comes women thither too.

C: why men & women euery houre, I know not what to do.

A great voice: A Boate, a Boate, a Boate.

Ra: This should be the voice of some great man.

C: V Vhy Popes and Prelates, Princes and Iudges more than I number can,

But the couetous misers they fret me to the gall,

I thinke they bring their money to hell,

For they way the diuel and all.

Ra: Mas and may well be, for theres little money stirring on the earth.

A voice hastie: Charon a boate, a boate, Ile pay thee well for thy hire.

C: V Vhy what art thou that makst such hast?

voice: The Ghost of a gray Frier.

So troubled with Nunnes as neuer Frier was,

Therefore good Charon let me be first,

That ouer the Foord shall passe.

C: Come sirra, thou hearst what a calling they keep wilt thou goe?

Ra: V Vhy Charon this calling makes thee mad I gesse,

V Vhy I am no spirite but liuing Raph,

And God Markedie sends me of busines.

Ch: trush, if thou be sent of God, we cannot hold thee farewell.

Enter Codrus.

Codr: Yet gentle Charon carrie mee?

Ch: thee? V Vhy what art thou, that liuing suest to go to hells

Codr: The wretchedst man of wretches most that in this wretched world doth dwell:

Dispisde,

The Coblers Propheſe.

Diſpiſde, diſdainde, ſtarude, whipt and ſcornd,
Preſt through diſpaire my ſe'ſe to quell,
I therefore couet to beho'd if greater torment be in hell:

All the voices, A bote, a bote, a bote.

Cha: I come, I come.

Rap: Nay I prethee let them tarrie and harken to the pore.

Cha: Codrus I cannot helpe thee now, and yet I wiſh thee wel,
Theres ſcarcelly roome enough for rich,
So that no pore can come to hell.

But when the ditch is digged downe as cleane as is the wall
that parted hel and purgatorie, then if thou chaunce to cal:

Because I ſee as thou art pore thou art impatient,

To carry thee quickly vnto hell Codrus ſh' be content.

And now the time will not bee long, for theirs commiſſion gone

For workemē, that haue power to make Elyſium & Limbo one,

And there are ſhipwrights ſent for too, to build me vp a bigger

A bote ſaid *R* nay a whole hulke: (bote,

And that the ſame may ſafely ſtote,

Cocytus, Lethe, Phlegeton

Shal al be digged into Styx:

For where one wont to come to hell;

I tel thee now comes ſiue or ſixe.

For ignorance that wont to be,

Is wilful bliſſine, now become,

So thou muſt come when roome is made,

I tel thee yet there is no roome.

Raph: I pre thee tel me one thing.

Ch: That I wil *Raph* whats the matter?

Rap: Charon why doth thy face looke ſo black, and thou uſe
ſo much the water?

Cha: O, might was my mother, this is hir marke,
I cannot waſh it off. Codrus fareweil.

Co: Charon Adieu.

Exit.

Ra: Boteſman?

Ch: Hagh.

Exit.

Ra: Theres a ſcoffe, thats a waterman indeed.

VVell

The Coblers' Prophecie.

VVell I must to God Mars for all this,
I would I could meete my fouldier agen.

Exit.

Enter Emnius Courtier solus.

Emn : Euen as the Eagle soares against the sunne,
And spite of Phœbus shine, pries in his facet
Euen as the swordfish meetes the mighty VVhale,
And puts the hugie monster to disgrace,
So Emnius thoughts intending to aspire
Sore gainst the sunne, and fleete in wrathfull yre:
The Duke the sunne that dazles Emnius eyes,
The Duke the hugie VVhale that ouer-bearcs mee,
But I will gaze and blinde him too ere long,
And play the swordfish though he little feares mee.
The lesse suspected sooner shall I strike him,
And this my reason is for I mislike him.
His Daughter with inticing words is woone mine owne,
But I disdain her were shee fairer farre:
Tush tis for rule I cast and Princely throne,
The state of Prince, brighter than brightest starre,
And who doth hinder Emnius but the Duke?
And therefore who should perish but the Duke?
Shortly a solemne hunting he intends,
And who but I is put in chiefeest trust?
VVell Ile be trustie if my Pistol hold,
In loue and kingdomes *Ioue* will prooue vniust.
He dead, I wed his Heire and onely Daughter,
And so shall winne a Crowne by one mans slaughter,
Suppose he haue beene kinde, libera'l and free,
VVhy I confesse it, but its my desire,
To be as able to bestow as hee,
And till I can my hart contentes in fire.
O soueraigne glory chier it earthly good,
A Crowne / to which who would not wade through blood.
then ruthles of his life doo I resolute,

The Coblers Prophecie.

To wait my time till I haue wrought his end,
He dies, the Duke shall die, and Eimnius raigue,
Vere he my father or a dearer friend.

Tears shall not hinder, praies shall not intreate mee,
But in his throne by blood I soone will seate mee.

*Enter Souldier, Raph, Mars his lame Porter in rustie
armour, and a broken bill, the Herrald with
a pensill and colours.*

Raph: Art thou one of God Mars his traine?
Alas good father thou art lame,
To be a souldier farre vnlustie,
Thy beard is gray thy armour rustie,
Thy bill I thinke be broken too.

Porter: Friend make not thou so much adoo,
My lamenes comes by warre,
My armours rustines comes by peace,
A maimed souldier made Mars his Porter,
Lo this am I: now questioning cease.

Raph: And what are you? A Painter with your pensill and
your colours braue?

Her: No Painter but a Herrald sircha to decipher a Gentle-
man from a knaue.

Raph: Pray sir, can yee Gentleman and knaue it both in one
man, and yee can sir, I pray you doo it in me.

Her: Indeed I cannot in thy selte,
For all is knaue that is in thee.

Raph: Sing one two and three, sing after mee,
And so shall we right well agree.

Soni: Sir take no heed what he doth say,
His foolish humor you doo see,
But tell me pray are you a Herrald.

Her: I am.

Soni: I shou'd haue rather tooke you to haue beene,
Appelles prentise, you were with colours so prouided.

The Coblers Prophecie.

In auntient times haue Heraulds bene esteemed,
And held companions for the greatest Kings,
Augustus Cæsar made a law, so did Antonius too,
That without Heraulds graue aduice Princes shoulde nothing
doo.

Her: VVell then was then, these times are as they be:
VVenow are faine to wait who growes to wealth,
And come to beare some office in a towne,
And we for money help them vnto Armes,
For what cannot the golden tempter doe?

Sould: A lamentable thing it is, but tell vs I intreate,
VVhere might we finde adored Mars.

Her: From hence sir you to Venus Court must passe,
Adowne the hill, the way is steepe, smooth, sleeke as any glasse:
Goe by the dore of Dalliance, and if you there him mis
Aske Nicenes for she best can tell where hir faire Lady is:
Both day and night the dores are ope,

The strongest closet dore is but of fethers made,
Rush boldly in, stand not to aske and neuer be afraide.

Soul: At Venus Court sir doe you say that Mars is to be found?

Per: Gentleman we haue told yee truth although vnto our
harts it be a wound,

For searching as wee bid you sir,
Nodoubt a wondrous hap,
But you shall finde God Mars a sleepe,
On Lady Venus lap.

This one thing more, you cannot come
The way you thither passe:

Tis dangerous, the hills too steepe and slipperie all as glasse:
Take this of me, the fairest way from Venus Court is beggerie,
There are more waies, but they are worse and threaten more ex-
tremitie.

Her: I thats for such as thither passe,
Of pleasure and of will:
But these for other purpose goe,
Doubt therefore sir no ill,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Soul: I thanke you both that haue vs warned by your skill.

Ra: I and He end with a Prophecie for your good wilt:

You thinke it is a pleasant iest,
to tell the times of peace and rest,
But hee that liues to ninetie nine,
Into the hundreds shall decline,
Then shal't they speake of a strange time:
For it will be a woondrous thing,
to see a Carter lodge with a King.
Townes shall be vnpeopled scene,
And markets made vpon the greene:
This will be as true I tell yee all,
As Coblers vse the thred and nall.
And so because that all men are but morter,
I leaue the pal'tric Herral'd and the Porter,

Soul: I pre thee come away, Gentlemen with thanks I take
my leaue.

Her: Adiew good fit.

Por: Farewell vnto you both, *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Contempt and Venus.

Con: Come Lady Loue, now bore we Mars, thou mine I thinke
beloude.

Venus: Ah my Contempt it will be spide too soone,
So shall our pleasures haue a bitter end.
Dreinde some place for I am big with childe,
And cleane vndone if Mars my guilt espie.

Con: Sweet Venus be assurde, I haue that care
But you perchance will coylie scorne the place.

Venus: What ist some Abbie or a Munnerie?

Con: No they abound with much hypocrisie.

Ven: Is it a Gentlemans or a Farmers house?

Con: Too much resort would there bewray your being.

Venus:

The Coblers Propheſie.

Te. Some Huſbandmands, ſome Inne, ſome cleanly ale-houſe,

Con: Neither of theſe, a Spittlelouely Loue,

Ven: What where ſoule Lazers and loathed Lepors lie,
Their ſinke will chooke thy Venus and hir babe,

Con: Why gentle Venus I intreat yee be not ouer nice,
What thinke ye as the Prouerb goes that beggers haue no lice?
Procters themſelues in euerie Spittle houſe,
Haue things as neate, as men of more account.

Ven: But I haue ſeene euen verie meane mens wiues,
Againſt their child-birth to prouide for,
As all their huſbands wealth was ſcarce the worth
Of the ſine harmiſed in that month.
And ſhall not Venus be as kindlie viſe,

Con: It muſt be as we may, he goe prouided
And ſpie my time ſlylie to ſteale thee hence,

Exit.

Venus: Awaie for Mars is come,

Enter Mars.

Welcome God Mars, where hath my loue bin all this while?

Mars: Walking about th garden time for to beguile.
VVhenas between miſenes your maide & newſangle your man,
I heard ſuch ſport as for your part, would you had bin there than,
Quoth miſenes to new ſangle thou art ſuch a Iacke,
That thou deuileſt tortie faſhions for my Ladies backe.
And thou quoth he art ſo poſſeſt with euerie fantike toy,
That following of my Ladies humor thou doſt make hir coy,
For once a day for faſhion ſake my Lady muſt be ſicke,
No meat but mutton or at moſt the pinion of a chicke,
To day hir owne haire beſt becomes which yellow is as gild,
A perriwigs better for to morrow, blacker to behod.
Today in pumps and cheuerill gloues, to waike ſhe wil be bold.
To morrow cuſſes and countenance for feare of catching cold.
Now is ſhee bareſalt to be ſcene, ſtraight on hir muſſer goes,
Now is ſhee huſt vp to the crowne, ſtraight nuſſed to the noſe.
Theſe ſeuen yeares truſt me better ſport I heard not to my mind.
The Didlogue done, then downe came I my Lady Loue to finde.
Venus: And thou haſt found hir all alone, half ſickly by ill hap

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sit for a while Mars and lay thy head vpon my lap,
I see my folks behinde my backe haue much good talke of mee,

Mars: And so they haue.

Venus: They are too Idle: soft Mars doe you see,

Mars: I see some sawcie mates presse in: Nowe sirs what
would you haue?

Sat: Be not offended sir, we seeke God Mars.

Mars: VVhy and Mars haue you found sir, whats your will
with him?

Raph: Are you he I cry you mercie, I promise you I tooke you
for a morris dauncer you are so trim.

Mars: VVhat sayes the villaine?

Sa: If thou be Mars, the cause which makes me doubt, is that I see
thy bodie lapt in soft silke which was wont to bee clad in hard
steele, and thy head so childishlie hid on a womans lap. Pardon
I humbly beseech thee, the plainnes of thy poore seruant, and
vouchsafe to read my poore petition.

*He deliuer's the petition, Mars takes and reads it, means
while Venus speaks.*

Venus: Rough shaped souldier enemy to loue,
VVhy dost thou thirst so much for bloody warre,
wherein the strong man by a stronger queld,
Or reacht far off by dastard darters arme,
Breathes forth his spirite with a bootles cry,
Leauing behinde his earths anatomic:
By warre the Infant trampled vnder steeds,
Holds to his mother out his feeble hand,
And she is rauisht while hir yongling bleeds.
Yet to abide deaths stroake doth quaking stand.
The twice forst virgin like the wounded lambe,
Deiect at the mercie of the wolfe,
Holds vp hir throat in vaine to bloody men,
That will not kill hir while hir beautie stayeth,
But stab her when her teares her faire decayeth:
Away thou bloody man, vex not my Lord,
By warre true loue is hindred and vndone,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And Ladies laps left emptie of their loues,
whose heads did beautifie their tender knees.

Raph: You need not plaine your laps full inough:

Sould: Faire Venus be propitious *I* will fight
to maintaine true loue and defend the right,

Venus: On that condition souldier *I* am won,
Receau this fauour, Mars let it be done.

Mars: Sateros, *I* haue receiued thy supplication, and sorrow
I cannot as *I* would giue thee immediat comfort. If *I* should
oppose my selfe against the Gods, they would soone set fire on
my seat, Sixe double vs there are, three at libertie, three impriso-
ned, and one their keeper: at libertie, wilines, wrong and wan-
tonnes, in prison, are warie wreake and woe, their keeper is won-
der; who once giuing way to libertie for those he holds; shall set
thee and thy fellowes on worke: in meane time goe thou to the
Duke of Boetia, commend vs to him, when he can he will im-
ploy thee *I* am sure, let that be thy answere for this time, and so
good Sateros be contented.

Sat: *I* humbly take my leaue adored Mars,
Proue a good night Rauens Venus *I* intreat.

Venus: Farewell pore souldier weare that for my sake,

Sat: Of both your Godheads dutious leaue *I* take.

Venus: And when goe you sir?

Rabb: VWho? Good Lord there hangs a matter by?

Mars: why what are you? get gone or *I* will send thee gone.

Raph: *I* pray you beare a while, gentle master mine,

And you shall heare my in speech *I* warrant?

Venus: Goe too sir foole, lets heare what you can say.

Raph: And shall *I* warrant yee to your cost my Lady do-little?

*Thou'st though thou be a Cocke of the game,
that mont'st to croe by day,*

*And with thy sharped spurres
the crauen Cockes didst kill and slay:
Sith now thou dost but prune thy wings,
and make thy fetters gay:*

The Coblers Prophecie,

*A dunghill Cocke that croes by night,
shall like thee betray,
And tread thy Hen, and for a time
shall carrie her away.
And she by him shall hatch a Chick,
this Countrey to decay.
And for this pretie Pullets name
thou shalt she better learne:
When thou shalt onelic letters fine
within one name discern,
Three vowels and two consonants,
which vowels if thou scan,
Doth sound that which to euerie place
conducteth euerie man.
Then call to minde this Prophecie,
for thats the bastards name:
Then rouse thy selfe, then reach thy sword,
and win thy wonted fame.*

*Now haue I done the taske for which I came,
And so farewell fine Master and nice Daine.*

Exit.

Mars rises in a rage, Venus offers to staie him.

*Mars: A dunghill cocke to tread my hen?
Breake forth yee hangrie powers,
And fill the world with bloodihed and with rage.*

Venus: My Lord, my Loue.

Mars: Venus I am abused.

*Venus: VVhy will yee trust a foole when he shall speake,
And take his words to be as Oracles?*

Mars: But hee hath tucht me neere, and Ile reuenge.

Venus: Aye mee!

*Reuenge true Louers wrongs immortall powers,
And nere let Lady trust a fouldiet.*

Make as if shee swounds.

VVhy

The Coblers Prophecie.

Mars. Why faintest thou Venus? why art thou distressed?
Looke vp my loue, speake Venus, speake to me,

Venus: Nay let me die, sith Mars hath wronged me,

Mars: Thou hast not wrongd me, Mars beleeueth it not,

Venus: Yes, yes, base Coblers vtter Oracles,

And al are sooth fast words against pore Loue,

Mars: I will belecue no words, they are all false:

Onely my Venus is as bright as heauen,

And firmer than the poles that hold vp heauen?

Venus: Now comes your loue too late, first haue you slaine

Her whome your honny words cannot recure againe,

Mars: I will doe penance on my knees to thee,

And beg a kisse, that haue bin so vnkinde,

Venus: And know you not, vnkindnes kills a woman?

Mars: I know it doth? sweete forgiue my fault:

Venus: I will forgiue ye now ye beg so hard,

But trust me next time Ile not be intreated.

Ma: Now hast thou cheard my drooping thoughts sweet loue,

Let me lay downe my head vpon thy knee,

Sing one sweet song, thy voice will rauish me.

Venus: Follie come forth.

Enter Follie.

Follie: Anone forsooth.

Venus: Bid Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance and the rest bring
forth their Musicke Mars intends to sleepe.

Follie: I will forsooth.

Exit Follie.

Mars: I thinke indeede that I shall quickly sleepe,
Especially with Musicke and with song.

*Enter Follie with a Fife, Nicenes, Newfangle, Dalliance, and
Jealozie with Instruments, they play while Venus sings.*

Sweetes are the thoughts that harbor full content,

Delightfull be the ioyes that know no care:

The sleeps are sound that are from dreames exempt,

Yet in cheefe sweetes lies hid a secret snare,

The Coblers Prophecie.

*Where loue ts wacht by prying jealous eyes,
It firs the loued to be warie wise.*

*Follie: Peepe, peepe, Maddam he is a sleepe!
Enter Contempt, and kisse Venus.*

*Sing: Sleepe on secure, let care not tuch thy hart,
Leane to loue hir, that longs to liue in change,
So wantons deale, when they their saires impart
Rome thou abroad for I intend to range:*

*Yet wantons learne to guide your rouling eies,
As no suspect by gazing may arise.*

*Venus: Hold on your Musicke, Follie leaue thy play,
Come hither lay his head vpon thy knee.
Fie what a loathed load was he to me.
Come my Content, lets daunce about the place,
And mocke God Mars vnto his sleepe face.*

Con: Venus a greed, play vs a Galliard.

*Musicke plaies, they daunce, and leaue Mars, and making
hornes at euerie turne, at length leaue him.*

*Mars: Why sings not Venus? hir loue I to heare,
Sweet let the Fife be further from mine eare.*

Follie holds still the Fife.

Nay let the Fife play, els the Musicke failes.

Follie plaies againe.

*What still so nere my eare, sweet Venus sing.
Sing: where is she?*

Out foole, what does my head vpon thy knee?

Follie: Forsooth my Mistris bid me.

*Mars: Wheres Venus, speake ye ribalds, harlots, fooles,
And neuer speake againe except I see hir:*

Mars is impatient, finde out Venus soone.

Exeunt duo.

Or perrish slaues, before my 'angrie wrath.

Follie: Nay a ladie, Follie will liue for all you.

Mars: Away yeefoole, tell Venus of my rage.

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

And bid hir come to Mars that now begins,
To doubt the Coblers Prophecie.

Exit Follie.

Enter Newfangle, and Dalliance.

New: My Lord we cannot finde hir any where.

Mars: Hence villaines, seeke the garden, search each place,
Mars will not suffer such a bhord disgrace.

Enter Follie.

Wheres Venus Follie, prethes tell me soole?

Follie: Forsooth shes run away wid a man called Contempt.

Mars: What hath Contempt robd mightie Mars of loue?
Hence fooles and flatterers, flie you from my sight,
Mars with a kindled fire begins to burne,
Away yee hel hounds, Ministers of shame,
Vanish like smoke, for you are lighter farre,

All runne away.

Gainst wantonnes proclaime I open waire,
Vnconstant women I accuse your sexe,
Of Follie, lightnes, trecherie and fraud,
You are the scum of ill, the scorne of good,
The plague of mankind, and the wrath of heaven,
The cause of enuie, anger, murder, warre,
By you the peopled townes are deserts made:
The deserts fild with horror and distres.
You laugh Hiena like, weepe as the Crocodile,
One ruine brings your sorrow and your smile,
Hold on in lighnes, lust hath kindled fire,
The trumpets clang and roaring noise of Drums,
Shall drowne the ecchoes of your weeping cries,
And powders smoke dim your enticing eyes,
These wanton ornaments for maskers fit,
Will Mars leaue off, and sute himsele in Steele,
And strumpet Venus with that vile Contempt.

The Coblers Prophecie.

I will pursue vnto the depth of hell.

Away with pittie, welcome Ire and Rage,
VWhich nought but Venus ruine shall aſſwage.

Exit.

Enter the Duke, Sateros, the Scholler, and Raph Cobler,

Duke. Well doe I like your reasoning Gentlemen,
You for your learning, Sateros for Act,
The learned is preferre, the ſouldier ſhall not want,
But Sateros, yee muſt forbear a while,
I cannot yet employ ye as I would:
Meane time attend the Court you ſhall haue pay
To my abillitie and your content.

Sat: Thankes to your highnes.

Duke: Scholler lead him in.

Be kinde to him he is a ſouldier,
Attend vpon vs to our hunting Sateros,
VVe muſt haue pleaſant warre anon with beaſts.

Withdraw Sateros and Scholler

Raph: VWhen will theſe fellowes make an end.

Duk: Depart my friends, I haue a little buſines
VWith this pore man that doth attend to ſpeake with me.

Exeunt Scholler and Sateros.

Fellow what is it thou wilt now reueale?

Raph: You are the Duke of all this land,
And this I wiſh yee vnderſtand;
That Princes giue to many bred
VWhich with them ſhorter by the head.
You haue a Courtier Emnius namde,
whoſe flattering tongue hath many blamde.
He lowteth low doth fawne and kneele,
Your worthy meaning for to ſeele.

Exit

The Coblers Prophecie.

And quaintly romes your person nie,
willing to see it fall and die,
You haue a Daughter faire and trim,
He loueth her and she loues him.
Yet as the Fox doth win the Kid,
So are his secret treasons hid:
He dares not once his passions moue,
For feare your highnes should reprove,
Yet is it not your Daughter deare,
That he desires so faite and cleare;
He coueteth your dignitie,
And therefore this intendeth hee.
Today you meane to hunt in wood,
And for he doth pretend no good:
He hath with shot intended ill,
And meanes your noble Grace to kill;
I that desire for to explaine,
The manner of your Graces paine.
Giue counsell ere the deed be done,
That you may al deceiuing shun;
I see that Emnius commeth nie,
My protestation quickly trie,
And if you finde as I haue saide,
that you should be by him betraide:
Remember Raph the Cobling knaue,
You warning of this mischiefe gaue,
So leaue I you to search the slaue.

Exit

Enter Emnius the Courtier.

Emnius: My honorable Lord, the traine attends,
All things are readie for your highnes sport:
And I am sent from other of estate,
To pray your Grace to hast your wonted presence.

Duke: Emnius they must attend a while,
For I haue secrets to impart with thee:

E 3

Emnius

The Coblers Prophecie.

Emnius: Say on my Honorable Lord to me,

Duke: Thou knowst we must vnto the wood.

Emnius. True my most Gracious Lord.

Duke. Suppose there were a traitrous foe of mine,
VWhat wouldst thou doe to rid me from my feare?

Emnius: Dy on the traitor, and prepare his graue,
Before he should one thought of comfort haue.

Duk: But tell me Emnius, didst thou see a tree,
That bore faire fruit, delighting to the eye,
And by the straightnes of the trunke they grow too hie,
wouldst thou oppose thy selfe against the tree,
And worke the downefall ere the fall should be.

Emnius. I would regard no hight to claime the fruit
That should content me, but attempt to clime
The highest top of hight, or fall to death,
Alone and naked to obtaine my will,

Duke. I am right ioyous you are so resolute,
Such Courtiers should become a noble Prince,
But tell me Emnius had I any foe,
that secretly attempted my distresse,
what secret weapon haue yee to preuent?

Emnius. Onely my sword my Lord, that is my rest,
My resolution to defend your Grace.

Duke: And haue you not a Dag to help me too.

Emnius: A Dag my Lord?

Duke: I man denie it not,
I know ye haue a Dag preparte for mee.

Emn: I haue a Dag not for your Maiestie.

The Duke takes it from him.

Du: Yes Emnius poure thy selfe into thy selfe,
And let thy owne eies be thy harts true witnes,
weast thou this Dag to iniure any beast?
Bearsst thou these bullets for a tocmans life?
Or art thou bent against thy loyall Lord,
to reauce his life that giues thee life and breath?

Em: Gainst beasts my Lord doth Emnius like to deale,
He is not so beastlelike and abhominat,

The Coblers Prophecie.

As he delights to ioy in trecherie,
Du. So smiles Hiena, when she will beguile,
And so with teares deceiues the Crocodile.
Are not these tooles prepared for my end?
Speake ill intending man, Ah Emnius?
Haue I for this maintained thy estate,
Affoorded all the fauours I could yeeld,
To be rewarded with ingratitude,
with murder, trecherie, and these attempts?
And all in hope to win my realme and childe.
I will not shew thy sinne vnto the world,
But as thou didst intend, so shalt thou fall.

Emnius kneeles downe.

Receiue thy death, detestfull man of death,
and perishe all thy trecherous thoughts with thee.

Em: welcome my death, deservfull I confesse,
Heauens Pardon my intent, your highnes bleesse.

The Duke raises him up.

Du: Heauens pardon thy intent, and so doe I,
Be true hereafter, now thou shalt not die.
Come follow vs Emnius, learne to know this lore,
Murder of meanest men brings shame, of Princes more.

Exit.

Em: O that same Cobling Rogue that rauing runs,
and madding aimes at euerie hid intent,
Reueald this practise, but Ile stab the slaue,
and he once dead the Dukes death will I haue.

Exit.

*Enter Mercurie with a Trumpet sounding, and two of Venus
waiting maids, the one named Ru, the other Ina, Ina bearing a
Child.*

Mer: Be it knowne vnto all people, that whereas Venus *alias*
lust, hath long challenged a preheminnce in heauen, and been
adored with the name of a Goddesse, the Sinode of the Gods
being assembled, in regard of hir adulteries with Mars, discou-
red

The Coblers Prophecie.

red by Phœbus, when in the face of heauen, they both were taken in an yron net: wherein hir wrong to Vulcan was apparant; and since that, many other escapes considered. But lastly and most especially, her publike adulterie she hath committed with that base monster Contempt they haue all consented, and to this decree firmed; that no more shall Venus possesse the title of a Goddesse, but be vtterly excluded the compasse of heauen: and it shalbe taken as great indignitie to the Gods to giue Venus any other title than the detested name of lust, or strumpet Venus: And whosoever shall adore Contempt or intertaine him, shalbe reputed an enemy to the Gods. More, it is decreed that warre shalbe raysed against Boetia, and victorie shall not fall on their side, till the Cabbins of Contempt be consumed with fire. Giuen at Olympus by Iupiter and the celestiall Synode.

Ru: Ill tidings for my Lady these,

Ina: Ill newes pore babe for thee.

Mer: VVhat who are these?

I take yee to bee two of Venus virgins, are yee not?

Ru: Faith she is a pure virgin indeed,
For the childe she had by Venus chaplin,
Is a big boy and followes the Father.

Ina: And so are you a maide too, are ye not?
For the girle you had by Mars his Captaine,
Shees dead, and troubles not the Mother.

Mer: then I perceiue ye be both maids for the most part;

Ru: well for our maidenheads it kill not much.

For in the world I know are many such.

Ina: I Mercurie I pray let that goe,
wee are faire Venus maides, no more but so.
And in our Ladies cause we doe intreate
to know, if that be true thou didst proclaime?
Or was it spoken but of pollicie,
To fright vs whome thou knewst to be her maides.

Mer: As true as neither of you both are maides
So true it is, that I haue vttered.
The sentence is set downe, Venus exilde,

And

The Coblers Prophecie.

Ina: Ayme poore babe for thee.

Mer: Whose child is that you beare so tenderly?

Ru: My Ladies child, begotten by contempt.

Mer: O is it so, and whether beare you it?

Ina: To nurse.

Mer: To whom?

Ru: Vnto securitie.

Mer: Is it a boy or girl, I praie ye tell?

Ina: A girle it is.

Mer: Who were the godmothers?

Ru: We two are they.

Mer: Your names I craue.

Ru: Mine Ru and hers is Ina.

Mer: And whether name I praie yee beares the girle?

Ina: Both hers and mine.

Mer: And who is godfather?

Ru: Ingratitude that is likewise the grandfather.

Mer: Ruina otherwise called Ruine the child,

Contempt the father, Venus alias lust the mother,

Ru and Ina the godmother,

Ingratitude the Oodfather and grandfather,

And Securitie the nurse,

Heeres a brood that all Boecetia shall curse.

Well damfels hie you hence, for one is comming nigh

Will treade your yong one vnder foot.

Ina: Tis Mars, O let vs flie.

Exeunt.

Enter Mars in Armor.

Mars: Now Mars thou seemest lyke thy selfe,

Thy womens weeds cast off,

Which made thee be in heauen a scorne,

On earth a common scoffe.

Mars: O Mercurie how am I bound to thee,

That blazest forth this strumpets iust reproofe?

O could I finde the harlot or her broode,

F

I would

The Cobler's Prophecie.

I would reuenge me of indignities:
Now Mercurie; I minde a prophecie
A simple fellow brought me on a day,
When wantonning vpon her knee I lay,
How that a crauen cocke should tread my hen,
And she should hatch a chicke this countrie to decay,
The bastards name he tolde me too,
But it was riddle-wisely;
Helpe me to search it Mercurie,
I know thee quicke and wise,
When I should onely in a word
Fiue letters iust discerne
Three vowels and two consonantes,
The name I soone should learne:
But those same vowels hee dyd bid,
That I should duly scan,
And they would signifie the way
That guideth euery man.

Hast thou not heard of such a thing?

Mer: Yes, and dyd send that prophecie,
And euen as thou camest hether
The bastard and the godmothers
Were in this place together.

Mar: Were they in deed, where are they now?
He search, he follow them.

Mer: Be patient Mars, they will be quickly found,
Ruina is the bastards name, R.N. the consonants,
V, I. and A. the vowels be; and *Via* is the waye.

Mars: Now haue I found it Mercury, thou hast resolud me
I wyll raise warre, I will aduenged bee,
Go with me Mercurie, thou my reuenge shalt see.

Mer: I will go and do my best for thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Scholler, Cobler.

Raph: Tis true o Duke, that I do say.

He

The Coblers Prophecie.

He still would make thy lyfe away,
He is too frolike and too lustie,
Thou too simple and too trustie,
Warres shall in thy lande begin,
For pride, contempt, and other sin,
Nothing shall appease heauens ire,
Til the cabin of Contépt be set on fire
And wantonnes with lewd desire,
Be trampled vnder foot as mire,
The Cobler has no more to say,
But for the peoples sinnes, good princes oft are tane away.
Du: Well, Godamercie fellow, go thou in. *Ex. Raph.*
Sch: He raues my Lord, its ill aduisd of you
To suffer him so neere your princely excellence.
Du: His presence breeds me no offence.

A cry within help, murther, mur-
ther, Raph comes running out,
Ennius after him with his dagger
drawen, after Ennius Zelota the
Coblers wife, who snatches the
dagger from Ennius, and runs ra-
uing.

Zc: What Raph, Raph, so fine you wil not know your wife
What a gilden sword and a siluer knife?
There, there Raph, put it vp.

She stabs Ennius, and he falls dead.
Why so? *She stands againe sodainly amazed.*
What so? Why where am I?

Raph: Faith where ye ha made a sayre peece of worke.

Du: Lay holde on them, what violence is this,
To haue one muredred euen before our presence?

The Cblers Propheſe.

Sch: What cauſe hadſt thou to kill this Gentleman?

Zel: None in the world, I neuer knew him I.

Raph: No faith ſhees mad, & has beene euer ſince I was a prophet, and cauſe ſhe ſawe a dagger without a ſheath, ſhe euen put it vp in his belly.

Du: Why what acquaintance haſt thou with this womā?

Raph: O Lord ſir, ſhe has bin acquainted with me a great while, with mine cares, with euery part of me, why tis my wife.

Sch: The lykelyer may it like your grace of his conſent, I were good they both did ſuffer puniſhment.

Du: Commit them both, but ſhe has long bin mad, it may be heauen reſerud her to this end.

Sch: Come ſirra you and your wife muſt goe to ward, Till you be tride for cleerenes or conſent.

Raph: O ſir, whether you will I am content, God M-rked y has ſerud me pretily, Has made my wife mad, and ſayd ſhee ſhould not be well, Till by her hand a traitor ſell, And I muſt euen be hangd for companie.

*Exeunt With the Cbler and his wife
ſome beare out Ennius bodie.*

Du: I doe not geſſe the woman guiltie of this crime, But the iuſt heauens in theyr ſeueritie, Hauē wrought this wreake for Ennius trecherie.

Enter Scholler and Meſſenger.

Sch: Here is a meſſenger my gracious Lord, That brings ill tidings to your quiet ſtate.

Du: What are they ſelow, let vs heare the ſpeak. Spare not

Meſſ: The Argiues and the men of Theſſaly, With mightie powers are come vpon your coaſt, They burne, waſt, ſpoyle, kill, murder, make no ſpare, O feeble age, or harmleſſe infant youth, They vow to triumph in Boeotia, And make your Highnes vaſſall to their will, They threaten mightily, their power is mightie,

The

The Coblers Prophecie.

The people fall before them as the flowring grasse
The mower with his syth cuts in the meade,
Helpe your poore people, and defend your state,
Else you, they, it, will soone be ruinate.

Du: I will provide as farre as heauenly powers,
And our abilities shall giue consents;
Ile to the temple and powre forth my prayers,
Meane while let Sateros be called for,
To muster vp the people with all speed, *Exit Duke.*

Sch: Now see I that this simple witted man,
This poore plaine Cobler truly did diuine,
The Gods when we refuse the common meanes
Sent by their oracles and learned priests,
Raife vp some man contemptible and vile,
In whom they breathe the purenes of theyr spirits,
And make him bolde to speake and prophecie.

Enter Sateros the souldier.

Welcome friend Sateros, you are fitly come,
The Duke intends that you shall leade to field
The powers of Boxtia gainst his foes,
Are you prepard. and willingly resolut?

Sat: Why you sir by your pen can do as well
I know tis nothing but *Fac simile.*

Sch: Souldier, stand not on that, discharge your duetic,
The countrie needs our seruice and our counsell,
Ile doo' my best, and do you your indeuor,
For publike quiet and Bocetias honor.

Sat: Well I forget your scornes giuen me in peace,
And rate all enuie at an humble price,
Ile doe my dutie, doe not you neglect,
Armes will not Art, Art should not armes reiect.

Sch: A blessed concord, I will to the Duke,
And leaue thee Sateros to thy glorious warre,

The Goblins Prophecie.

Enter hastily the Countrie Gentleman.

Count: O fir, I haue bin seeking ye all day,
And greatly do I praise my fortune thus to meeete yee.

Sir: In good time fir, be brieft I pray.

Count: You do remember me I hope.

Sir: Not verie well I promife ye.

Count: Lord fir, and you bee aduifde, I was one of them
chat reasoned before contempt, when you defended war,
another arte, one the court, and I the countrie.

Sir: I remember in deepe such a reasoning, before that
vile monster Contempt, but you I haue forgot.

Count: O Lord fir yes, by that token we went afterward
to the Ordinarie.

Sir: True, true, now I call ye minde, by this token I was
not able to reache commons, and so was cashierd out of
your companie.

Count: Twas against my will I faith: ye sawe I was ano-
ther mans guest.

Sir: Its no great matter. But whats your busines wyth
me now, that you seeke for me so hastily?

Count: Marie fir there is warres toward, do ye not heare
on it?

Sir: Thats to too sure.

Count: And I feare by reason of my wealth I shall bee
shosen for a Captaine ouer some Companies.

Sir: And what of that?

Count: Why I haue no skill, and therefore woulde hyre
you to serue in my place. Ile please ye well.

Sir: The Duke wantes men fir, and therefore must yee
serue your selfe, though not as a captaine, yet in a place fit-
ting your person. You offer me moneie, why man Ile deale
kindly with ye, ye shal haue some of me, here take it, be not
nice. In the Dukes name I charge ye with horse and furni-
ture to be readie to morrow by breake of day, for the busi-
nes asks speed,

Count: Bu

The Coblers Prophecie.

Count: But I hope ye will not deale so with me?

Sat: But I am sure I will, therefore dispatch on perill of your life.

Count: Why what a life is this, that such as I must serue?
A shame on warres for me that ere they were, *Exit.*

Enter Raph and other prisoners with weapons.

Sat: Why now fellowes, what are you?

Raph: What souldier, do not you know me?

Sat: Yes Raph, but what are these?

Raph: Faith certaine pu-fellowes of mine, that haue bin mued vp, & now the exclamation goes we shal haue wars, we are all set at libertie, and sent to you to be traild vp.

Sat: Why wert in prison?

Raph: I faith I prophesied so long, that I had like to haue bin hangd. My wife kild the courtier man, that would haue kild me & the Duke to, but Ile be a prophet no longer that flatter, after I haue done beeing a souldier, Ile to cobling againe.

Sat: So doest thou well: But fellowe tell mee why wert thou in.

Pri: Faith sir for nothing but riding another mans horse,

Sat: That was but a tinall matter.

Raph: A thing of nothing, for when he had stollen him, he were as good ride him as leade him in his hand.

Pri: Faith thats euen the truth on it.

Sat: I thinke you all haue bin of such condition,

But now betake you to another course,
The Duke hath giuen you life and libertie,
Where otherwise your deeds deserued death,
If now you doo offend vnder my charge,
Looke for no fauour but the martiall lawe,
Death on the next tree without all remission,
And if ye like not this I will returne yee

From

The Coblers Prophecie.

From whence ye came to bide the doome of law,
Speake, will ye liue and serue as true men should?

All: I, I, I.

Raph: I am sure ye take me for none of the y^r number.

Sat: No Raph, thou shalt be still with mee,

I haue an hoast of worthie souldiers

Readie to march, to them now will I goe,

Heauens and good fortune quell our furious foe.

Sound drums, *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Contempt, Venus following him, hee pushing her from
him twice or thrice.*

Cont: Awake thou strumpet, scandall of the world,
Cause of my sorrow, author of thy shame,
Follow me not, but wander where thou wilt,
In vnscouth places loathed of the light,
Fit throude to hide thy lustfull bodie in,
Whose faire's distaind with foule adulterous sin.

Ven: Ah my Content, proue not so much vnkind,
To flie and leaue thy loue alone behind,
I will go with thee into hollow caues,
To desert to the dens of furious beasts,
I will descend with thee vnto the graue,
Looke on me loue let me some comfort haue.

Contempt still turnes from Venus.

What not a word to comfort me in wo?

No looke to giue my dying heart some life?

Nothing but frownes, but lowres, but scornes, disdaines?

Woe to my pleasures that haue brought these paines.

Haue I for this set light the God of warre,

Against whose frownes nor death nor heauen can stande,

Haue I for this procured the angrie Gods

To make me exile from all blessednes.

Haue I for this lost honor and renowne,

Become a scandall to the vulgar world,

The Coblers Prophecie.

And thus to berepaide? Ah breake my hart,
Had all these cunsa'ne vpon my head,
And millions of more harines than heauen could heap.
Yet all were nothing, had not my Content,
Rewarded me thus vile with Contempt.

Con: Shape of collusion, mirrour of deceit,
Faile forme with foule deformities defilde,
Know that I am Contempt in nature scornfull,
Foe to thy good, and fatall to thy life:
That while I liyde in glorie and account,
Disdaigne all vertue, and contemnd all vice,
Good, bad were held with me of equall price.
And now the waung of my greatnesse comes,
Occasiond by thy loue, whome Mars as yetted,
And I that all despise am now reiected.
For which I thee reiect, disdaime and hate,
V Vnling thee die a death disconsolate.

Venus: Yet once regard me as a thing regardles:
Thou art the abjects wretch aloue esteemed,
I worse than vilenes in the world am deemed:
I scorn'd, thou hated, each like other being,
Lue we together void of other being.

Con: Lightnes of lightest things that vaunt of life,
Sprung from the froathie bubbles of the tear:
Leaue to solitee him that loathes thy looks,
Spiting vpon thy fices painted pride
I wi I forsake thee, and in silence shrowd
this loathed trunk despised and abhord,

Exit.

She offers to follow, he drives her backe.

Venus: So flies the murderer from the mang'led lims,
Left limles on the ground by his tell hand.
So runnes the Tyger from the bloodles pray,
V Vhich when his tell stomacke is of hunger staucht,
thou murder, Tyger, gultted with my faire,

G

Leaue

The Coblers Prophecie.

Least me forsaken, map of griefe and care,
O what is beauty humbled to the base,
That neuer had a care of ciuill thought?
O what is fauor in an obscure place?
Like vnto Pearles that for the swine are bought:
Beauty and fauor where no vertue bides,
Proues foule, deformd, and like a shadow glides.
Ah that my woe could other women warne,
To loue true wedlocke or the virgins life:
For me too late, for them fit time to learne,
The honour of a maid and constant wife,
One is adorde by Gods with holy rites,
The last like Lampes both earth and heauen lights,
But the foule horror of a harlots name,
Euen of the Lecher counted as a shame:
V whose forehead beares the marke of hatefull shame,
Of the lust-louer hated and forlorne.
O such is Venus, so shall all such bee
As vsf base lust, and foule adulterie. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke, his Daughter, Priest, and Scholler: then
compassse the stage, from one part let a smoke arise:
at which place they all stay.*

Pri: Immortall mouer of this glorious frame,
That circles vs about with wonder great,
Receiue the offerings of our humble hearts
And bodies prostrate on the lowly earth.

They all kneele downe.

Our sinnes hath drawne the furie of thy wrath,
And turnd our peace to miserie and warre:
But if repentant soules may purchase grace,
VVe craue it humbly, and intend to liue,
Hereafter more reformed than wee haue done,
For pride, we entertaine humilitie:
For our presumption, due obedience:

Loue

The Coblers Prophecie.

Loue for Contempt, and chastitie for lust:
The Cabbin of Contempt doth burne with fire,
In which our sinnes are cast, and there consume.
Heare vs yee heauenly powers, helpe we require,
And be propitious to the penitent.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen: Rise from the humble earth my Noble Lord,
Rise vp yee Priests, Princes, and people rise,
And heare the glad some tidings I vnfold,
Of happy peace and glorious victorie.

They all rise and cast incense into the fire.

Duke: For that I weere voice offerd to vs by man,
Cast sweetest incense into holy fires,
And while they burne, tell on thy happy newes,
That wee may heare and honour heauenly Powers.

Messen: V When Sateros my Lord had brought your power,
In view of our presuming enemies:
And equall place was chosen for the field,
He sent a Herald, willing them restore,
The wrongs that in Boxtia they had done,
And leaue the Countrey, turning to their home,
Or els resolute on doubtfull chance of warre,
They proud, ambitious, couetous of gaine,
Returnd an answer filled with disdain.
Then was the signall giuen, and streames red,
Menacing blood on either side aduanced.
Drums, Fifes, and trumpets drown'd the cries of men,
That ech where fell before their Foe-mens swords.
Mars there shewd ruthles rage on either part,
And murder ranged thorow euery ranke,
Dust diind the sunnes light, and the powders smoke,
Seem'd like thicke Clouds in ayre congluminate.
Thus was seauen houres confounde, and doubtfull chaunce
Sometime with vs, sometime with them abode:
till at the length our Generall gaue charge
To sound retreat, which made the hopefull Foe,

The Coblers Prophecie.

Pursue regardlessse our retyring bands,
That being knit together in firme ranke,
Atreth pursue their stragling followers,
Then fell their glory like the ripened corne,
Before the Cicke and the Reapers hand:
In briefe, some fled, most slaine, and many taken
Haue left the honour to Boetia.

Duke: To heauens and Sateros returne we thanks,
For my reward receiue this recompence:

The Duke giues him his upper garment.
Our selues will forward to salute our friends,
That fought for honour of Boetia.
Sound Drum and Trumpet notes triumphantly,
Heauens haue the honour for this victorie.

Exeunt.

*Enter with Drum and Trumpet Sateros lead beewene Mars
and Mercurie, Raph Cobler and his wife following,
and other souldiers.*

Mars: Thus Sateros haue we assited thee,
Our true sworne souldier, worthy man at Armes,
And the Boetian Duke hath heauen appealde,
By singeing false Contempt and loathed tult.
Mercurie the sonne and messenger of Ioue
VVith me shall passe vnto my warlike house.
Goe thou vnto the Duke with all thy traine,
That longs to see thee, and requite thy paine.

Sat: To mighty Mars and wary Mercurie
Poore Sateros giues thanks and vowes his duty.

Raph: Are yee here yfaith? heres two on yee,
Raph Cobler may curse the time that heere knew your cōpany.

Alb: VVhat mine man?

Raph: I yours, what reason had you to make my wife mad?
I and shee med to kill one, and then make me a Propriet?

Mer: It was the secret iudgement of the Gods, Sateros speak
to the Duke to thinke on him, and to remitt his fault.

Sateros

The Coblers Prophecie.

Sat: It shall be done.

Mars: Is this the Prophet?

Raph: I that it is, that told you your owne when twas,

Mars: Sateros vse him well.

Raph: Neredoubt you that: are yee bemeinbred since ye told him, if ye set your selfe against the Gods they would driue you out of heauen.

Mars: VVell what of that?

Raph: Faith at that time the world might well haue afforded you a Cart to ride in.

Sat: Go too *Raph*. cease.

Raph: I, I, and great folke doo amisse,
Poore tolke must hold their peace.

Mer: Mars shall we hence?

Mars: I, farewell Sateros. *Exeunt Mars and Mercurio.*

Enter with honour the Duke and his traine.

Duke: VVelcome braue souldier, welcome to you all.
Ioytaps my word, I cannot speake my minde,
But in this triumph passe we to the Court,
VVere you shall all receiue your due deserts.

Sat: Thanks Noble Lord.

Raph: VVhat shall I doo then, and my wife?

Duke: I will prouide for thee, and pardon her.

Raph: Faith then farewell the Court;

For now Ilenot run and ride, nor no more abide,
But since my mad wife, hasel ang'd her mad life,
Heeuen came to be a Prophet speaker,
Take clew ing leather and naule, and fall to my old trade of the
gentle craft the Cöbler.

Zelus: I *Raph* that will be fittest for vs.

Duke: Come Sateros let me yet honour thee,
To whom the heauens haue giuen great victorie,
And looke in worth our worthles sacrifice,
VVherein Contempt and Lust with old ingratitude,

The Coblers Propheſie.

Haue periſhed like Fume that flies from fire.
March forward braue and worthy man at Armes,
Thy deedes ſhall be rewarded worthily:
Embrace the Scholler, liue you two as friends,
For Armes and Learning may not be at iarre,
Counſell preuents, counſell preuailes in warre.

Sar: My thoughts are free from hate, let me not liue,
V When ſouldiers faile good Letters to defend.

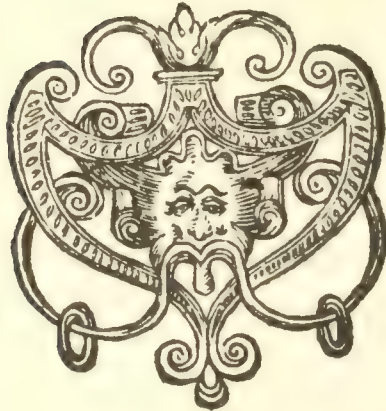
Sch: Let euery Scholler be a Souldiers friend,
As I am friend to thee and ſo will reſt.

Raph: I ſo liue, and yee are bleſt.
How ſaiſt thou Zelote is not that life beſt.

Duke: Then with due praife to heauen let vs depart,
Our State ſupported both by Armes and Art. *Exeunt.*

Fortuna Crudelis.

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